

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 313.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1838.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

SALEROOMS.

A PERIODICAL work was once attempted under the title of the Saleroom. It proved dull, but certainly ought not to have done so. Salerooms might obviously supply, to any man of tolerable observation, the materials of many excellent papers. First, there is the worthy auctioneer himself, who may be of any sort of character; then there is the company, a mixture of all sorts of characters; finally, the articles for sale are often of a character to suggest either mirthful or mournful remark. Assuredly, much might be made of "the Saleroom."

To people acquainted with the country only, an auctioneer is a plain man in velveten small-clothes tied at the knees, who mounts a three-legged stool, and sells off pots and pans, and small uniped tables, to a group of his neighbours, whom it is his aim to keep in a giggle all the time, by means of jocular remarks on either the articles themselves, or the individuals of the company. He is a man who, if a cradle occur, will make no scruple to address some unfortunate person who has notoriously no need for it, requesting him to buy the thing in hopes; or, if he should have to sell such an article as that described as constituting part of his own attire, will exclaim to an honest woman in the outskirts of the crowd, "Come, Mrs Thomson, give me a bid for this—it is well known you have worn such things this many a day." He is, in fact, a satirical ready-witted unmannerly varlet, whom it is not safe to come within sight of while engaged in his business, lest he let fly some rough joke at you. Now, the country people who only know an auctioneer of this genus, would find it difficult to imagine such a personage as a city auctioneer often is. The one is no more like the other than poor Dobbin in the sand-cart is like the sprightly Arabian on the race-course. One appellative describes them; but so are the king and the mendicant equally liable to be described as men—so is the lion, according to Cuvier, a member of the feline family. We must appeal from generic resemblance to specific distinction, and speak of the master-spirit of a city saleroom as—a gentleman. The late Mr Christie was unquestionably one of the most important personages of his day, as the present Mr Robins is of his. The elegant apartments occupied by these individuals, the extent of their transactions, the eloquence they exert both in their advertisements in the newspapers and in the rostrum, all conspire to point them out as men of mark. The bibliographic Dibdin appears to have been well aware of the dignity and consequence of a first-rate auctioneer. In his description of the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe's library—the great ROXBURGHE FIGHT, as he calls it—he speaks of the younger Evans there commencing his professional career, in the very terms which would be used respecting the first appearance on the field of some young knight, the son of some equally distinguished father. "He preserved," says Mr Dibdin, "an uniform, impartial, and steady course; and if he did not 'ride the whirlwind,' at least he 'directed the storm.'" The Valdarfer Boccaccio was put up by Mr Evans, says Dibdin, "with an appropriate oration." "Silence followed the address of Mr Evans." Think of all that. When the Marquis of Blandford gave the final bid for this illustrious book—two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds—"Mr Evans, ere his hammer fell, made a due pause. Indeed, as if by something preternatural, the ebony instrument itself seemed to be charmed or suspended 'in mid air.' * * * However, at length, down dropped the hammer. * * * The spectators stood aghast! and the sound of Mr Evans's prostrate sceptre of dominion reached, and resounded from, the utmost No. 1, VOL. VII.

shores of Italy. The echo of that fallen hammer was heard in the libraries of Rome, of Milan, and St Mark. Boccaccio himself started from his slumber of some five hundred years; and Mr Van Praet [Napoleon's librarian] rushed, but rushed in vain, amidst the royal book-treasures of Paris, to see if a copy of the said Valdarfer Boccaccio could there be found." Why, this absolutely raises the profession to the noble and the ideal.

We have in our time "sat under" various city auctioneers, but not all of them such men as Christie or Evans. Our earliest recollections of book auctions refer to a certain place in one of the southern thoroughfares of the Scottish capital, yclept the Agency Office, a place somewhat like an enchanter's cave in a melodrama, consisting of a long series of dimly lighted apartments, full of things rich and strange, from magnificent gilt beds to pistols and ear-rings, through which one walked (being then only some thirteen years old) with an awful sense of their value, and of the duty of not touching any of them, to the innermost room, where nightly a certain old-fashioned little man named Peter Cairns swayed the hammer of empire. This was decidedly the most comfortable auction-room we have ever known. Within an oval railed space in front of the rostrum, there was a long table for the display of the books, with seats on each side, so that, if one could only contrive to get into this charmed circle, he might sit at his ease and read the books for the whole evening. Now, these were the days when any thing like a snatch of miscellaneous reading, in a field of books different from our own poor stock at home, was more delicious than stolen waters. It is not therefore to be wondered at that we were a faithful and regular attender of Peter Cairns's auction-room, and that we regarded a seat beside his volume-bestrewn table as better than a high-place at feasts. Peter's auctions were, upon the whole, poor in matter. There was, indeed, an incomprehensible discrepancy between the general splendours of the enchanter's cave and the paltriness of the stock of books usually exhibited of an evening in the auction-room. There must have been some mysterious understanding between Peter and the proprietors of the rooms. He was himself, by day, the tenant of a rather poor shop, for the sale of old copies of Schrevelius's Lexicon, and Livy, and such like books, to the students at the university: we yet have in our mind's eye his sign of an open folio Virgil, with the then familiar words, "Tityre, tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi," occupying the whole first page, each word, of course, filling a line. We yet remember the emphatic sententious way in which Peter once sold us a pen, priming his lips and darting a look over the top of his spectacles, as if he regarded the thing as an event. His stock in the auction-room was not liable to much variety. We almost read him out in the course of a single winter. He was great in Complete Letter-Writers, and Ready Reckoners, and small copies of Johnson's Dictionary (the first, at least, we could then read). Shilling abridgements of Tom Jones and Pamela were also amongst the never-failing articles. These were capital reading. Peter's favourite author—for every bookseller has his favourite author, whose works he likes to sell—was Goldsmith. He had once published an edition of Goldsmith, in four neat small volumes, with vignette titles, on the top of which Cairns's Edition flourished in elegant lettering. We suspect it was an imitation of Cooke's Edition of the Classics. The date was 1804, when Peter must have been in his better days. Goldsmith, then, was to be seen on Peter's board in all shapes. Generally there was a copy of the edition. But, if we had not the whole

works, we had at least the Vicar of Wakefield—Peter always let it go at sevenpence—or else the Essays, or the poem of the Deserted Village. All other books Peter sold as if common and of no note. But when he came to any thing of his favourite author, he would change his whole aspect and tone of speech, like a man saying grace in the midst of a funny story, and call out in solemn wise, "Here, gentlemen, is the Citizen of the World by Oliver Goldsmith (pronouncing Gool-smith), the greatest of all writers." And if any one bade a humble price for it, such as twopence, he would answer indignantly, "Tippence, man! keep that for the plate to-morrow," meaning the plate at the church-door. It was not so much the affront to himself that he considered—it was the insult to the author. He could have spitted any body who pretended to despise Goldsmith. But, indeed, it was by no means an uncommon thing for Peter to address sharp words to his audience. Declining circumstances had soured him a little, and people were too often encouraged by the poorness of his stock to give him shabby offers. Sometimes, which was worse still, they would present a sort of passive resistance to his proceedings, the monotony of the articles causing them not to bid at all. He would then give vent to by no means gracious surmises respecting his company. "The people here dinna want books; they would like penny rolls better. A wheen gumptionless asses." Or else, "The folk come here to read, not to buy;" casting at the same time a bitter glance at one or two old men in tartan cloaks, who evidently frequented the place only for the sake of a little comfortable house-room and a lounge amongst the books. He would even go the length of impeaching the taste of the age. He seemed to feel, like Milton, as if he had fallen upon evil days. After all, seeing a neat little thick gilt volume lying sunk betwixt two larger tomes, he would cry to his boy attendant, "Laddie, give me up that. They surely canna refuse to bid for the Bible." And if they did fail to bid for even that, what an opportunity for sarcasm! The worst of the business was, that nobody felt at all discomposed by Peter's personalities: they insisted upon taking them all as fun, and only laughed. Books, however, were not Peter's sole dependence. At proper intervals, he would throw in a bunch of quills or a half-dozen pencils, or some such article, by way of divertimento; feeling secure, as it seemed, that these ought to find a ready sale, seeing that every body was in the way of occasionally needing them. When a sufficient price had been bidden for the quills, he would give them such a slap upon his desk, by way of knocking them down, that, we are very sure, the one-half of the lot must have generally been split. The sale of any thing at a good price was indeed a matter to be signalled in no ordinary way at this auction. Ultimately it fell off very much; and the last time we saw Peter, he had sunk from the pride and state of auctioneer, to be only the clerk of the sale—a declension the more humiliating, as it took place in the very scene of his former greatness. It was not his part now to feel in any way about the conduct of the audience; yet we thought he might still be occasionally detected in the exhibition of a sarcastic grin when any of his old friends made an unworthy offer—as if saying, as he used to say, "Nobody here but scuff." The poor old man did not last long as clerk: short way it always is from the dethronement to the death of potentates. Fate, to use one of his own phrases, "would not dwell upon him." The hammer hung but for a brief space over our venerable classic; and now for many years he has been "gone." Long ere our acquaintance with the Agency Office had ceased, we had discovered another most conve-

alent auction-room at no great distance, namely, that connected with the bookshop of the late Mr Carfrae. In Blackwood's Magazine, some seventeen years ago, in a poem on the Edinburgh booksellers, there was a single line, which has ever since, by virtue of its happy descriptiveness, remained on our memory—*grim Carfrae's putrescent atmosphere.* Mr Carfrae was a dark-complexioned man, but the most kind-hearted that lived, and had a way with him that might have almost made the books bid for each other. His room was not roomy, and hence the allusion in Blackwood; but, though we knew the fact, we never felt it. The books were not here arranged in a way so suitable, as in Mr Cairns's, to the convenience of those who chiefly spent the evening in reading. They were accessible on the table only during the day, and by night were placed behind the auctioneer, quite out of reach. It was only possible, occasionally, to fish a little reading from a lot which some one had bought—there was much courtesy amongst the company in those days—so that the time was not altogether spent in vain longings. At Carfrae's, too, we really began to purchase. Some extraordinary accident had blessed our pocket one day with the sum of sixpence—surely it could have been nothing less than a visit from some uncle who had made a fortune in India. That night, we were at our post at Mr Carfrae's. Scores of books had been sold at great prices, and now the worthy auctioneer was closing business for the evening with a few odd things of little value. There was a duodecimo volume of poetry in the condition called "sewed," which was hanging at fourpence. We daringly called fivepence. It was ours, and we bore it home in triumph. It had no title, and, like Mirza's visionary bridge, neither beginning nor end; but it contained a large quantity of good poetry of the last century, particularly Pope's Essay on Man, the sounding antithesis of which made a great impression on us, without our really understanding what was meant. We rather think this book must have been an odd volume of Ritson's English Anthology. In those days, thus to obtain a considerable quantity of good reading for a few pence, was an event in a boy's life, whereas now, it is offered in every street. From the date of this incident, we were for many winters a faithful vassal of Mr Carfrae, buying when we could, and reading at all times when it was possible. His benevolent disposition at length admitted us to a certain degree of acquaintance: we could stay a little after the break up of the evening, and talk with the great man. This was like seeing illustrious public characters in their private moments: it was a great honour, but we were not insensible of it. Other persons, sometimes of a rather important character, would also linger behind, gossipingly enjoying the cool that followed the dispersion of the masses. We have occasionally hovered, as it were, on the outskirts of a conversation, in which no less than professors mingled. Carfrae's room was the first commune of the republic of letters we were acquainted with. We made two or three good jokes on these occasions, but were too young and obscure for them to be laughed at. There was one elderly stout man, with a very purple face and threadbare attire, who frequently made his appearance amidst the lingerers. He must have been some poor hanger-on of the college, making a precarious living perhaps by plating medical students with sufficient Latin to enable them to pass their examinations. But the auctioneer, who seemed to know him well, spoke of him as a person of extraordinary talents and acquirements; one who, but for whisky, might have graced any chair in the university, and who, as the case stood, secretly supplied lectures to many of the actual occupants of these chairs. Mr Carfrae had in some unaccountable way become possessed with extravagantly respectful ideas respecting this forlorn personage. Many authors of good repute got their ideas from him. He supplied half the clergy with their sermons. He was constantly doing great things, but it was always for other people; his habits and want of ambition unfitting him to appear as author, preacher, or professor, on his own account. In short, he was one of the subjunctive heroes of literature and science, who might, could, would, or should, be great men, and whose not being great men is what nobody can pretend to understand. To us, in those days, it was awful thus to feel ourselves in the presence of even a man who only ought to have been famous. We rather think the poor man was a protégé of Mr Carfrae, of whose kind disposition we observed many traits. It is not impossible that he half supported the man who half supported by his pen half the chairs and pulpits in the city.

About the same time, or a little after, there were other book-auctions frequented by such humble students as we. There was Mr Stewart's, of which we recollect nothing distinctive, and, more recently, MacLachlan and Stewart's, which used to be rich in the classics and in medical works. The pleasure of haunting these places forms quite a green spot in memory's

waste. The books were not in general of a very select kind; but of what account was that? The intellectual stomach is somewhat like the body: in youth, when the genuine book-hunger is upon it, any food, if it only be food, satisfies. Quantity, not quality, is the object. In those days, a scrubby copy of Pomfret's Poems (then an unaccountably common book), purchased at threepence, was more triumphed in than would now be a set of Chalmers's English Poets, in twenty-one volumes royal octavo. But the whole pomp and circumstance of the book-auctions was delightful. First, there was the room open from ten in the forenoon till four in the afternoon, for the display of the books. Any body—even a poor scholar—could go in. There lay the books, all at his disposal for several hours, to handle, to read, to estimate—his freedom being only embarrassed by the cluster of soul-thirsty beings like himself, which environed the table. Elbowing, pinching of toes, and soaking amidst rain-charged cloaks and great-coats, were nothing, so that only a sight, a grasp, a taste of some hundred new book-friends, might be had. With what trembling cautious ill-subdued eagerness did we fly upon the feast! We usually began at the beginning, catalogue in hand—every body could get a catalogue—inspecting the whole stock, as it were, by inventory. The "Duodecimo et Infra" were delicious—little vellum-covered Elzevir Terences and Virgils, or hard-favoured rib-backed French novels and plays of the days of the great Louis, or nice old editions of Prior and Pope, with illustrations by Vanderghucht. The pleasantest reading decidedly lay in the department "Duodecimo et Infra"—there was something in that part of the sale analogous to the amenity and juncidity of youth. The Octavos we never liked nearly so well: all the serious, mature, unrelenting kinds of reading, were there: it was the middle life of the sale. The final department, Folio and Quarto, reminded us, again, of the rigour of old age: there lay stern science and divinity. After taking a survey, then, of the octavos and quartos—for sometimes we did find tolerable things amongst these—we generally reverted, with all the ardour of a first love, to the duodecimos. What sighings of fondest affection would then be breathed over many of those tattered and tarnished little tomes! How, like many a lover beside flesh-and-blood mistresses, did we wish for wealth for their sake! Beauties, we loved ye all! But, alas, we well knew how few it was likely that we should be able to secure in the awful conflict of the evening. The Duke of York, naming the select courtiers whom he wished to be saved from the wreck of the Gloucester frigate, leaving the rest to perish, was but a type of our melancholy selves, pitching upon the two or three favourites which we were most anxious to bring to the dry land of our own snug cupboard at home. What weightings would then take place, what calculations of the probabilities! Our capital, perhaps not exceeding one pound Scots, was one thing. The absolute value of the book was another. Then there was a consideration as to the multitude of the company. The book occurred early: there might be few in the room; it might go cheap! It was pretty well on in the catalogue: the room would beat the very noon of frequentation: it would go dear. The possible concentration of some other individual's affections upon the same volume, was another element in the case. We never have had rivals whom we dreaded or hated more than rivals for books. And even if there should be no one particularly anxious for the book, there was always sure to be some dealer in old books, who, in all probability, would not allow it to go as a very great bargain to any body but himself. Oh, with what perfect malignity did we regard these sly, quiet old fellows, who set themselves to watch for bargains at the sales!—not, as we said to ourselves pathetically, from any love for the books, as was the case with us, but from the mere love of gain. They used to be a cruel set of tyrants to the genuine book-desires, those cunning old fellows. When one of them made us pay a few pence more for an article than we should have otherwise had to pay, how true an example it seemed of Iago's "robbing me of that which not enriches him!" Bitter experience, however, had accustomed us to look for defeats from this and other causes. We never, therefore, would allow ourselves to set our affections too exclusively upon any one book. We felt as people feel with their children, that possibly they might be reft from us, and that it was as well that the tie should not be permitted to become essential to happiness. We calculated like a general, who, not knowing but he may be driven from one position, takes care to have another in his eye, on which to fall back. One book being lost, then, we had all our thoughts and calculations instantly bent on the next of those we cared for. Did that go too, then there was a third, and, that being also lost, a fourth. If a Spencer's Fairy Queen, in six volumes, soared far above all our expectations and means, we might at least secure a pleasant little copy of Robert Ferguson, in one: if we could not preach in the kirk, we might at least sing mass in the quier. Our reckonings at the conclusion would be like the return of the remains of a forlorn hope; two gentlemen soldadoes surviving, the other forty-eight blown to nothing. But let us still be thankful. Two new friends of the soul was no small acquisition to one whose circle of intellectual acquaintance was so limited. With what pleasure were they paid for!—with what delight lugged home!—how carefully there inspected, estimated, and perused! When a grown-up gentleman gets an addition to his library, he lays

by the books without so much, perhaps, as opening one of them. He knows they will be serviceable by and bye, but in the meantime he has other things to attend to. But, when a boy or a stripling gets a few new books, how different is the case! How eager is he to look into them! How curious is he about even the points of their external appearance! How difficult, in the midst of such a large field of fresh reading, to settle upon a place to begin at! How closely does he keep them beside him, taking them to bed with him, dreaming of them, wakening early to read them, talking of them—in short, they are for the time his divinities. Alas, how strangely are our blessings mixed! In youth, we are all longing—longing for every thing, and getting little to enjoy, yet, even in longing, happy. Mature years come, and with them many of the things which we formerly thought would overpower us with happiness. But though the object of desire has come, the desire itself has passed away; and we find that possession with indifference is less enjoyable than the thirst that there was nothing to quench, and the hunger which there was little to stay.

THE STATE OF THE ATMOSPHERE—HOW IMPORTANT TO LIFE.

The earth is every where surrounded by a mass of gaseous matter called the atmosphere, which rises above the surface to the height, it is computed, of forty-five miles. The composition of this great body of air is throughout the same, as far as man has been able to ascertain. Three gases, *nitrogen, oxygen, and carbonic acid*, are its component elements, in the proportions (in round numbers) of 79 parts of nitrogen, 20 of oxygen, and 1 of carbonic acid, in the 100 parts of atmospheric air. Thus constituted, the atmosphere performs a variety of duties of essential importance to man and all the animals that inhabit the earth, as well as to all the vegetables that clothe its surface. The air supplies the material for the respiration of animals; deprived of it, even for a few minutes, they die. This is its great office, and the one which we have to consider at present; but it has others so numerous and important, that, if such language can be used with propriety regarding any single constituent in the great whole of nature, the air of the atmosphere is the most useful, the most indispensable, of all existing things.

It is only when in a pure state that the air fulfils perfectly these numerous purposes, and hence the great importance of its retaining its true character, unadulterated and unchanged. So nicely fitted, indeed, is its constitution to its objects, that the slightest change in the proportions of its own ingredients would utterly destroy its utility. The purity of the atmospheric air, however, has never been found to be overthrown by a change in the proportions of its ingredients, from natural causes—at least, man has never been able to detect such changes. But there are other modes by which the purity and vital properties of the atmosphere may be impaired, without any alteration among the constituent elements; and it is to the examination of these, that our observations are now to be directed.

Without any alteration of its ingredients, the atmosphere is capable of holding various bodies in solution; or, in other words, it may be impregnated with substances of various kinds. The most common of these substances is water, or humidity. At a moderate temperature, the air never is wholly devoid of humidity; and hence, in making an analysis of the air, the water is frequently counted as a constituent. The water is brought into the atmosphere chiefly by the influence of heat acting upon the water of the rivers, lakes, and seas on the face of the earth, and converting part of their surface-water into vapour. In moderate quantities, the humidity in the air is very serviceable in many respects. When in excess, however, humidity is apt to be extremely noxious, though the water be perfectly pure in quality. It loads the lungs of animals with cold vapour, inducing most commonly rheumatism, catarrhs, and all the long host of pulmonary affections, which, unfortunately, are too well known to require specification. Such are the consequences of superabundant humidity in the air, the most common of all the ways by which its purity is diminished. That colds should be the most common of diseases, naturally follows, and well shows the importance of a pure atmosphere. On a great scale, man cannot remedy the existence of excessive humidity in the atmosphere, but he can, in general, regulate his own exposure to it, and in this lies his remedy.

Next to the intermixture of pure water, to which only we have referred above, the most common adulteration of the atmosphere is by its impregnation with substances which watery vapours elevate along with itself. Marshes and stagnant water give off vapours, or what is called *miasma*, of a peculiar character, and which produce peculiar effects. It is by these effects alone, indeed, that marsh vapours are known to have any peculiarity in them, because, when analysed, the air over marshes is found to contain nothing but its usual ingredients, including humidity. Local draining, it is evident, is the true remedy for this impurity of the air.

Vapours arising from solid inorganic substances on the surface of the ground, do not make any determinate impression on animal life through the atmosphere. Not so with vapours, or rather odours, from organic matter. These may be divided into two kinds: those from living matter, and those from dead. The first kind, with a few exceptions, are of a character not injurious to animal life. Odours, again, from dead matter, are almost universally injurious to the purity of the atmosphere, and impair its power of sustaining life. Putrid animal and vegetable matters, however, seldom taint the atmosphere to any wide extent. But, on the other hand, their pernicious influence is usually exerted on it in those localities where human beings are congregated in large numbers. When one thinks of the vast amount of putrid odours, of smoke, &c., that combine to vitiate the atmosphere of a large city, it can only excite wonder that disease is so rare as it is in such places, seeing that so little pains are in general taken to purify the great medium, upon the purity of which life depends. The means of effecting this purification are not expensive, or difficult to be procured. What they are, will be explained immediately, after some remarks have been made on other conditions of the atmosphere, in which they may be used with effect.

There are two classes of diseases, which are called respectively *endemic* and *epidemic*. The endemic diseases are those which, though they attack a whole community, are confined to the single locality in which that community lives. Epidemic diseases are migratory; they move from one locality to another. A *scarf fever* is an endemic; as an example of an epidemic, we need only mention the *plague* or the *cholera*. We believe it may be asserted, that most philosophic inquirers into the subject now-a-days regard these classes of diseases, or the majority of them, as dependent on the state of the atmosphere, if not for their existence, at least for their propagation. What then is the state of the atmosphere during the prevalence of such a disease as cholera? No peculiarity in the composition of the air can be detected. If, then, no peculiarity in the composition of the air can be detected, what agency can we turn to, as the probable cause of such a visitation of the atmosphere as carries disease over whole continents, in a stream, as it were, alike fearful and resistless? The only agency known to us, which can thus widely influence the atmosphere, is *electricity*; and the opinion is now rapidly gaining ground among scientific men, that electrical changes are the true cause of such migratory diseases as cholera and plague; in short, the cause of all epidemics. It is impossible here to enumerate all the grounds for such an opinion, but a few of them may be adverted to. In the first place, whether electricity be the cause of epidemics or not, it at least possesses in a striking degree the powers which must pertain to the cause, whatever it be. Electricity pervades the air in all its states, and yet makes no discernible change on its composition, whether existing in it in large quantities or in small; and electricity also possesses, to a remarkable extent, the mobility which must characterise the cause of epidemics. The electric fluid is also capable of exerting a powerful influence on animal bodies. These are fundamental points. Electrical changes in the atmosphere, also, were observed to precede the visitation of the last great epidemic, the cholera, in India, Britain, and many other regions. Immediately before it appeared at Sunderland, in England, the air was observed to be in a highly electrical state. Thunder-storms were frequent, and the nights were characterised by incessant discharges of those fiery streaks called "silent lightning." In India, where the disease was most attentively observed in this particular, meteorological changes of the same kind were almost invariable precursors of the pestilence. It was observed in all quarters, that the cholera preferred generally the vicinity of rivers and large bodies of water. Thunder-storms exhibit the like peculiarity, as regards the direction of the clouds. Passing over other meteorological coincidences, we shall now refer to a remarkable phenomenon of another kind, in the history of cholera, which electricity satisfactorily explains. Supposing the whole atmosphere to be pervaded by a poison, whole communities might be expected to be struck down at once. Cholera was not attended with this result, and this is easily accounted for on the supposition that the disease depended on electrical causes. For, through what is called electrical induction in the atmosphere, one individual, even in a room, may be exposed to the influence of a positive, while another at the same moment, and in the same chamber, may be exposed to a negative atmosphere; in simpler words, to electrical influences of totally opposite kinds.

But what practical good, it may be asked, is to follow from the admission, or from the demonstration, that electrical influences were the cause of cholera? A very great good. Because then attention would be drawn to the true remedy for such pestilences—*purification of the atmosphere*. It is strange, that, though altogether unaware of the real cause of such diseases, one of the oldest physicians of Greece, Hippocrates, was so sensible of the atmosphere's being the seat of the plague, that he ordered large conflagrations to be made throughout his country, in order to avert from it a threatened attack of that malady. He was successful; the plague was driven back from Greece. It is probable he was led to this practice from observing that pestilential diseases were often put a stop to by great falls of rain. This has frequently been observed

also since his time, and is one of the many circumstances upon which the important conclusion is founded—that any extensive change in the atmosphere, whether produced by natural or artificial causes, effects the removal of its pestilential properties. Of artificial causes thus operating, the fire of London affords an excellent example, the plague lurking in the city being utterly extinguished by the agency of the flames. Of course, whatever effects a change in the state of the atmosphere (in the ordinary sense of such a change), effects also a change in its electrical condition, seeing that the air when dry is in a very different electrical state from what it is when wet, and seeing also that any vapour diffused through the atmosphere necessarily affects its electrical state; because every different substance, whether in a state of vapour or otherwise, holds its own peculiar relations to electricity, and therefore these new relations come into play when any substance is brought into contact with the atmospheric electricity.

The only way which Hippocrates could think of to change the state of the air artificially, was to kindle large fires; and when an attempt is made to affect the open air to a wide extent, nothing better than large conflagrations can yet be used. Though not often tried—because the public mind was not satisfied as to its utility—the kindling of large fires with tar and other combustibles, in open streets and squares, had the very best effects where it was employed. But modern science has not to trust to fires made with common combustibles alone; it has discovered that certain substances may be used in *fumigation* (as purification of the air by vapours is called), which have a *specific purifying* quality. The chief substance of this kind is *chlorine* gas. Chlorine gas is not difficult to be procured, being an ingredient in common sea-salt, from which it may easily be expelled. Whole streets and towns may be fumigated with this gas as easily as single dwellings. During the prevalence of cholera in this country, fumigations with chlorine were used in a number of instances with extraordinary results. As an example, we may mention Dunfermline, where cholera raged without abatement from the 3d of September till the 23d of October, at which time every street, lane, and suburb of the town, was fumigated with chlorine gas. Within five days the pestilence was annihilated. In various streets of Edinburgh, in the villages of Portobello and Gorgie, and in several other places, the chlorine fumigations were used with similar success, though unfortunately not resorted to until much evil had been done in most of the cases. Numbers of private houses in which they were used regularly, enjoyed an absolute immunity even in the very centre of the affected districts.

The following are the directions given by Dr Sanders, a physician in Edinburgh, for the preparation and use of chlorine gas, and also of muriatic acid gas, which is a strong compound of chlorine. As the gas, in a pure state, is destructive of animal life, care should be taken by those engaged in preparing it, not to inhale it into their lungs:—

FOR EXTRACTING THE CHLORINE GAS.—Four parts by weight, or eight parts by measure, common sea-salt; one part deutoxyde of manganese, called in the shops *manganese*—mix these together with a stick or staff; and water, to moisten the mixture thoroughly; then pour in strong sulphuric acid, commonly called oil of vitriol, and stir the mass with the staff. The steams will instantly fly up; and in like manner, from time to time, let the acid be added till the fuming shall have ceased, and let water also be added, if the mixture have become too consistent. A common herring barrel, sawed through the middle, will make two excellent tubs; put the materials into them, and proceed as above directed; place one in each narrow lane or close, and let the inhabitants open their windows. In houses where the disease is, a common porter tumbler will do very well; and if the smell be distinctly perceived, that is enough to be kept up. For each street let one or more tubs, containing the salt and manganese mixed, be put upon a cart, along with a jar full of the oil of vitriol, and a man with a rod in his hand, and his back to the wind; and while he is pouring in the acid, and the steams are rising, let the cart move slowly along, just as carts do when streets are watered, and at a cheaper rate than streets are watered will cities be saved.

FOR EXTRACTING MURIATIC ACID GAS.—Put common sea-salt into any wooden or earthenware vessel; moisten the salt with water, and pour in the sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol, and stir as long as the fumes are disengaged.

The above should be done in half hogsheads, or very large vessels, to be placed east, west, south, and north, of cities, towns, and villages. If, indeed, one such vessel were kept with the fumes rising at each end of any village, the cholera would never enter it. This would have such an effect as never was attained by armed bands, sanitary cordons, and quarantine laws. The process should be persevered in for eight, ten, or fourteen days successively, according to the obstinacy or severity of the epidemic.

Such were the instructions for the preparation and use of chlorine given to the public by the medical gentleman already named. Had his fellow-countrymen listened more attentively to the earnest appeals which he made to them on this subject, it is probable that cholera would have left fewer mourners in Scotland. But prejudices seem to have existed in the minds of many with respect to the liberal use of fumi-

gation, and Dr Sanders and those who thought with him did not succeed in getting their plans carried extensively out on the scale they wished. The merit of the attempt is not the less on this account.

Typhus fever, scarlet fever, and other common epidemics, whether they are connected with electrical agency, or arise from other causes, may all be held as proper cases for the employment of chlorine fumigations, seeing that they all appear to be intimately mixed up with atmospherical influences. An easy matter, too, it is for those families who are exposed, from residence or other circumstances, to the risk of such diseases, to fumigate their dwellings for a time, which can be effectually done, as the directions show, by a tumblerful of the chlorine mixture. And this is all that need be done, perhaps, in the case of mild epidemics. Whether putrid odours, or any similar impurity, may have caused the disease, the purifying influence of the chlorine is the same. The gas seems, in truth, to have a strange antipathy to impurities of every kind. It is the chief agent in bleaching, and in various other cleansing operations of importance. But by far its most important quality lies in its influence on the atmosphere, if man, whose welfare it is so much calculated to promote, were inclined to call that quality fully forth. To the poor, in particular, who are most exposed to epidemical diseases, it will be yet found to be a most invaluable blessing.

THE LUCKPENNY, A CITY BOY'S FIRESIDE STORY.

It has already been remarked in the present work, that town boys have their legendary lore as well as country boys, though it is generally of a less romantic kind. The following anecdote of a past age, the main features of which are probably little altered by tradition, is a specimen of the stories that used to be related by the fireside to the youngsters of our Scottish metropolis:—

Grizel or Grizzy Hutcheon had grown up to middle life in the service of a worthy citizen, when, fearing to encounter old age in a dependent situation, she resolved to employ her little stock of savings in setting up as a dealer in small household articles. The situation she chose was the Canongate, the court end of the town in those days, and also the place where she had been hitherto known as a servant, and where her former master and other expected patrons resided. Here she obtained possession of a small low-browed shop, which she stocked with snuff, tobacco, and pipe-clay, bread, butter, and eggs, yellow sand and treacle, besides a whole host of miscellaneous too trifling to be enumerated. As she took care to keep good articles, gave no credit, and filled every little interval of leisure with the work of her wheel, she soon found that she was a prosperous woman. There were, however, two faults of character, which threatened to affect Grizzy's good fortune. She was close and keen in her dealings to a fault, whence she obtained the name of Greedy Grizzy; and she was eaten up, to use a homely phrase, with superstition.

This last failing developed itself in various ways. Not having, as the Greeks had, an established national oracle to resort to, for the explanation of dreams and such omens as superstition extracts from the ordinary incidents of life, Grizzy chose a dumb woman, in accordance with the common notion that such persons are always gifted with a degree of supernatural insight, to compensate the wants with which they have been afflicted. Grizzy's usual mode of procedure, in consulting her oracle, was this. With a darning needle, stuck in her pillow for the purpose, she every morning opened her Bible at random, and carefully observed the verse or sentence on which the point chanced to alight. As the tenor of the passage was pleasing or otherwise, so, Grizzy was sure, would the events of the day turn out; and then she would run to her dumb neighbour, and endeavour, from her signs, to learn what some of those coming events were to be. With a sort of inconsistency in her superstition, Grizzy was also in the habit of resorting to the cards, for the discovery of things to come. Not that she kept any articles of this kind herself; on the contrary, she was wont to inveigh against them with great vehemence, styling them the "devil's books." Yet she was repeatedly known, of a morning, to consult Mrs MacIvor, an old Highland woman who lived close by, and who kept a pack, as to what the day was likely to bring forth. Of this woman Grizzy stood in the greatest dread, supposing her to be a witch, because her means of living were not well known, and because some of her sagacious predictions—founded, probably, on some less ambiguous basis than the cards—had been wonderfully verified. The Highland prophetess tasted the benefit of her skill in many a present which her credulous neighbour gave to secure her good graces. Grizzy, however, while thus endeavouring to conciliate favour, took care at the same time to keep a horse-shoe nailed on the back of her door, in case the dangerous Mrs MacIvor should ever feel inclined to play catraps on her benefactor.

Thus, between the main-chance and her superstitious tendencies, were the whole thoughts of Grizzy Hutcheon, huckster in the Canongate, daily and hourly employed, in continuous alternation. A serious change came at length over the face of her affairs, induced partly by the one and partly by the other of her pre-

valling foibles. One morning, after she had gone through her customary endeavour to peep into the daily future, she took her station in her opened shop, waiting anxiously for some propitious opening of business, when, lo! a neighbour entered and asked for a light. Now, if there was any one thing more ominous of ill, in Grizzy's eyes, than another, it was this—that a light should be asked for before any article had been sold. She gave the light with a sad heart, muttering to herself, "a' luck's gane for this day!" The day passed over, nevertheless, without the occurrence of any thing particularly annoying. Still, when evening came, Grizzy remembered so forcibly the unfortunate matter of the light, that she resolved not to close her shop that night till she got a proper *luckpenny*. To explain this, it is necessary to state, that it was our superstitious huckster's custom to keep her shop frequently open till a late hour, waiting for the entrance of a favourite customer, or some person of prepossessing appearance. The money received from that person, she called the *luckpenny*, and nothing more would she sell that night. But, on the occasion adverted to, nine o'clock came, and no customer of the proper sort had appeared. On the contrary, about that hour a woman entered, whom Grizzy knew to have a mole on the left side of her neck—a sure sign that hanging was to be her doom. This woman's money was frightfully unpropitious, and down the unhappy shopkeeper sat to her wheel, determined to wait for something better. As she trimmed her lamp impatiently for the twentieth time, St Giles's clock struck ten, and another woman entered. To the horror of Grizzy, whom former observation had made but too well aware of the fact, the new entrant was *plain-soled*. Mrs Hutcheon could have thrown the required twopenny cut of salt fish at the unlucky flat-foot's head, but, knowing her customer to be one who did not stand on trifles, Grizzy prudently abstained, from a fear of retaliation, and contented herself with muttering something about "some folks not being able to take their supper at *supper-time*, like other folks." The murmured reflection fell unheeded on the ear of the late-supping demoiselle.

Fate was against Grizzy Hutcheon on this memorable evening. Still she resolutely struggled against its awards, continuing to drive her wheel unwearyingly, in the hope that an unexceptionable *luckpenny* might yet arrive. Alas! the next customer was still worse than the preceding ones. It was a little girl, the daughter of a Highland porter, seeking "two steepie herrings" on credit. Grizzy's vexation of spirit was so aggravated by the demand, that she threw down her wheel, bounced round the counter, and turned the girl out by the shoulders, bawling at the same time in ungovernable ire, "Gang hame to them that sent ye, and tell them I want nae dealings wi' Highland papishes. Let them pay the auld at my rate, or they try to tak on the new!" In her wrath, at this moment, Grizzy forgot Mrs MacIvor, but she was quickly and fearfully reminded of the dreaded Highlander. On turning into her shop, after venting her passion, Grizzy beheld a large grey cat spring past her, and make directly for the shelf where some of her largest herrings were stored. The sight horrified the poor woman. The cat, she instantly concluded, could be nothing else than the notable witch Mrs MacIvor, transformed, and come to revenge the words uttered at the door. At all times afraid of Mrs MacIvor, Grizzy was ten times more so, when that personage chose to assume the shape of a long-clawed quadruped. She stood in her door, in an agony of alarm, now looking inwards at the metamorphosed Mrs MacIvor coolly munching a herring, and now gazing up and down the street in the hope of seeing some one come to her relief. But the hour was now very late, and Grizzy for some time saw nobody pass, excepting Lady Spinnet, attended on her way home from a concert, by a lacquey carrying a lantern. To such a mighty lady, Grizzy, sore pressed as she was, could not venture to speak. Just at this moment, as if to increase her already incalculable terrors, a dog began a long wailing howl in the precincts of Holyrood, announcing to her ear, as plainly as language could speak, that the spirit was at that instant flitting from some human breast!

In this pitiable state of superstitious dread was Mrs Hutcheon standing, when two men issued from the mouth of an adjoining entry, and made up to her, carrying between them a large and seemingly well-filled sack. The presence of human beings greatly relieved the shopkeeper, and she listened with tolerable composure to the men, who addressed her with a request that she would permit the sack to stand till morning within her premises. The request naturally startled her at first, but the men proceeded to tell her that the sack contained a quantity of tea, which had been brought from Holland, and landed at the Figget Whins, without leave being asked of the customhouse, and that they wished to carry it to the Lawnmarket, but durst not then attempt it, for fear of being caught at the Luckenbooths by the meddling bodies of the town-guard. The tea, too, was "none of the common kind (the men declared), but the finest Pekoe, such as the Duchess of York gave to her guests down by at the palace," and if Grizzy would keep it safe only till morning, she should have two or three pounds of it for her trouble. After several arguments of this kind, Grizzy's cupidity got the better of her fears, and she permitted the men to bring in the sack, and set it down beside her own bed, which stood within a little

closet or recess formed by a curtain hanging from the roof. The depositors of the tea then departed, with a promise to return in the morning.

The cat, or Mrs MacIvor, having been scared away on the entrance of the men, Grizzy hastened now to shut up her shop, contented with the prospect of the tea instead of the *luckpenny* for which she had waited so long that night. After all was close, she began to reflect on the turn the events of the day had taken, and on the reward promised to her. As she meditated, a doubt sprang up in her mind—that the smugglers might not give her enough to compensate fairly the risk she was taking. This doubt pressed on Grizzy's mind, until at last she arrived at the conclusion, that the best way would be for her to take her remuneration beforehand, since she had it in her power. Away, accordingly, she went to the sack, and untied the strings with which the mouth was bound. She then plunged her open hand into it, determined to bring up a good handful, and drew out—horrible to relate—not a quantity of tea, but a dead man's head—by the hair! When the poor, weak, yet "greedy" woman, beheld the hideous countenance of the corpse rising beneath her hand from the sack, she gave a fearful scream, and fell back in a swoon. In her trepidation, she had kept hold of the head, and therefore, in her fall, she brought over the body with her. It fell right across her chest; and thus it chanced, that, when she recovered her consciousness, the head of the body was the first thing she saw, lying close to, and above, her own. This renewed her swoon; and so on she went, alternately fainting and recovering for several hours, without the ability to alter her position.

That the two resurrectionists—for such the pretended tea-smugglers were—intended to come back to Grizzy's for the spoil which they had taken from the grave, is very probable, as they could only have left it where they did, in consequence of being temporarily prevented from disposing of it more securely. But long before they could conveniently return for it, a denouement had taken place, such as they could not have anticipated. Customer after customer knocked, in the morning after these events, at Grizzy's door, usually the first open in the street. These knocks were all in vain; neither answer nor admittance followed. At last the attention of the neighbourhood was fairly roused; a crowd gathered in front of the shop; and, finally, some one proposed that a smith should be sent for to break the door open, as Grizzy might be either dying or dead. This was accordingly done, and in rushed a host of men, women, and children, into Mrs Hutcheon's premises. No Grizzy was to be seen, and the people were in the greatest possible amazement. However, a boy, who had seen Grizzy many a time and oft deposit her treacle can behind the curtain in the recess, chanced to think this a first-rate opportunity for tasting a little of that most delectable substance, and drew aside a corner of the curtain in order to search for it. As soon as his eye could discern things within—for the lamp had long since burnt out—the youngster exclaimed, "Eh! here's Grizzy!" The attention of all was thus directed to the proper place, and Grizzy Hutcheon was speedily found, stretched on the floor, moaning and insensible, with a dead body in a sack, pressing across her chest. Here was indeed a mysterious state of things! Grizzy was speedily raised, but was at first totally unable to give any explanation of the matter. When she was restored to complete consciousness, she found herself in the guard-house, whither she had been conveyed by order of the civic authorities, on their being apprised of the circumstances under which she had been found; the body also had been taken under charge by the same parties. It bore evident tokens of having been disinterred; and, therefore, great as the wonder of all was, there was no idea of murder in the matter.

Grizzy, on first becoming able to think of all that had passed, had sense enough to send for her two best friends, her old master and her landlord, to whom she related the whole truth. These gentlemen advised her to repeat the circumstances exactly as they occurred to the magistrate before whom she was to appear on the following morning. This, accordingly, Grizzy did with great simplicity and candour. Her superstitious keeping of the shop open to such a late hour, was what the worthy bailie, presiding in the court, found most difficult to interpret in a way favourable to the unlucky Grizzy. He could not comprehend, he said, how any person possessed of common sense could keep a shop open till long past midnight, and consume light and fuel, for all the benefit likely to accrue, at such hours, from her *ostensible* trade. The bailie did not know, as the reader now does, that Grizzy Hutcheon had not common sense upon some points! In this emergency, her master and landlord stepped forward to vouch for her general respectability of character. The magistrate said that the evidence of two such persons would weigh so far with him in the matter; but that Mrs Hutcheon, admitting her to have had no previous connection with the resurrectionists, had confessed to her having connived at what she believed to be smuggling; and that, therefore, he would adjudge her to pay all expenses connected with the re-interment of the body, in whatever way the claimants of it, if any appeared, might wish the ceremony to be conducted.

Poor Grizzy Hutcheon, although sorely exhausted with her late sufferings, had still plenty of her old spirit left to make an outcry against this decision, but some serious threats, or rather hints, on the part of

the affronted magistrate, speedily frightened her into silence. Her two friends became sureties for her payment of all demands, and Grizzy was left to retire unmolested to the scene of her sad mishap.

Grizzy never again sat up for the *luckpenny*. Indeed, it would have been in vain; for her business rapidly dwindled away after the event related. Her neighbours and customers never forgot the dead body affair; it gave her shop an ill name. Some of her neighbours even went the length of saying, whenever they told the story, that Grizzy ought to have been *hanged* for her share in it, and would have been, "had not some folks been over friendly to her"—by these folks, meaning her master and landlord. In this way was a great deal more laid on Grizzy's shoulders than she deserved, her chief error being her absurd and excessive superstition.

In the end, Grizzy was compelled to betake herself to a garret, and trust for her bread to spinning. Some of the merchants with whom she had done business occasionally paid a visit of charity to her in this situation, and, when parting with them, she used regularly to advise them always to shut up at a proper time of night, and not to let themselves be led into mischief, as she had been, by waiting for the *luckpenny*.

AN EVENING AT DUCROW'S.

WE were one evening lately a good deal amused with a second visit to the arena of Ducrow. On the occasion of our first attendance, the skillful horsemanship attracted our admiration, and on the second we were no less delighted with the extraordinary cleverness displayed in various feats, by an equestrian called the German Rider, and other performers. We shall try to give our country readers an idea of the chief things which came under our notice.

Behold, then, the house filled with spectators, the orchestra playing a merry tune, and all on the tiptoe of expectation for the entry of the German. Here he comes. Attired in a flesh-coloured dress, which fits his body closely, and shows to advantage his athletic form, the German Rider bounds on horseback, and urges the animal to its speed round the ring, while the band plays a lively and congenial tune. He then springs to his feet on the saddle, and in this position, without help or hold, receives two brass balls, larger than an orange, that are pitched up to him by the fool. These balls the German tosses into the air. From hand to hand he passes them like lightning, and occasionally sends them one after another beneath his arms, catching them in front—the horse all the while galloping briskly round the ring. A third ball is thrown up to him; he manages three as easily as he does two. A fourth, a fifth, and a sixth ball, is tossed up to him, and the German keeps the whole half-dozen flying in the air at once, with such rapidity that the eye attempts to follow them in vain. A pause—and also applause, not unmerited—ensues. The German then recommences his erect career round the ring, with two of the same balls in his hands, and also with two brass cups, with short handles. He throws up these cups and balls, and keeps them flying in the air as formerly, until, suddenly, he grasps the two cups by their handles, and catches in them the balls—the whole four articles, be it remembered, having been whirling rapidly when he thus dexterously brought their motions to a pause. He then puts the handle of one of the cups in his mouth, and, after a little tossing in the air, catches one of the balls in the projected cup. After these feats, the German—still in the same position on the moving horse—receives four very large balls; and though, from their size, he can scarcely hold them in his hands, yet he contrives to keep them flying in the air, as easily as he did the smaller ones.

One other feat, and we have done with the dexterous German. Three sticks are given to him, something like flutes in shape and length. Holding two of these by the ends in his hands, he, with them, keeps the third in the air, throwing it sometimes at a surprising height, and receiving it, when it falls, with great adroitness, on the other two. We confess to have imbibed a strong suspicion on witnessing this performance, that the powers of *magnetism* were called in to the aid of slight-of-hand. The power of magnetic attraction alone, we think, could have caused the falling stick to *lie* or adhere as it did when it fell on the other two. But, admitting this to be true, the stick-feat was still an uncommonly dexterous one.

After the German Rider has made his bow and retired, Ducrow, the first rider of the age, enters in person, mounted upon a white horse, which he is passing, as the bill informs us, through all the mysteries of equitation, in order to fit it for bearing our royal and gracious Victoria. That the docility of the beautiful animal may be fully shown, Ducrow guides its motions with a long feather, and, under this government, the horse paces round and round the ring, forwards, backwards, and sideways. The rider is dressed for an equestrian pageant or spectacle called the "Falconers of Queen Anne," and, after having exhibited the training of the royal horse, he is joined in the ring

by a large company of riders, ladies and gentlemen, with falcons upon their wrists. This enables the audience to have a sight of all the picked horses of Ducrow's stud. This exhibition over, two ladies and two gentlemen (of whom Ducrow is one) remain behind the others, and, being mounted, of course, upon favourite horses, these four go through a regular *equestrian quadrille*. This is a beautiful sight. The precision with which the animals prance, beat time, and go through the movements, is astonishing.

After a little interval, enlivened, as usual, by the antics of a clever fool, the performance of the French rope-dancer, Monsieur Plege, succeeds to the quadrilling. A tight rope, attached to poles, is stretched half-way across the ring, and on this the dancer, a very finely formed young man, exhibits his powers. At first he carries a pole, but, after some surprising leaps and other feats of agility, he lays this aside, and dances without help or hold. The dancing itself is very pretty, but it is when M. Plege commences tumbling that his skill is fully shown. Sitting on the rope, and aided only by its elasticity, he springs from his seat into the air, throws a complete somerset, and in an instant, is in his former position. But doing this *once* is nothing. He repeats it three times in succession, more rapidly almost than the eye can follow, and, at the close of the third somerset, is seen standing on the rope on one foot, motionless as a statue of Mercury.

After a pause, a new feat follows. A cocked-hat is given to the dancer, which he places upon his head. Standing upon one foot, he then passes his hand under the other leg, which is projected, and takes off the hat. In the same position he replaces the hat. By trying these movements on the solid ground, some idea may be formed of the difficulty of executing them, standing on one foot on a wavering rope. The next performance of M. Plege seemed to us still more surprising. Holding a cup by the handle with his mouth, he places a coin on the point of one projected foot, while he stands on the other foot—on the rope, of course—and, by a dexterous jerk, throws the coin into the cup. He then holds the cup in one hand *behind his back*, and throws the coin into it in the same way, in this situation! This really looks as like magic as any thing natural and lawful can do.

The Muleteer and his Wonderful Horse follow the clever M. Plege's rope-dancing, which beats any thing of the kind we have seen since Herr Cline's performance twelve years ago. The wonderful horse (we refer always, of course, to the arrangement of the performances on a certain night) springs into the ring after its master, the muleteer, who is simply the exhibitor of its powers. The creature is a beautiful pye-bald, perfect almost in mould, and adorned about the neck with little bells. At first, the horse playfully and trickishly avoids its master when he affects an anxiety to catch it; but when the muleteer averts his head, and assumes the appearance of slowness, the animal at once stops, and comes up close to his side, as if very penitent for its untimely sportiveness. Its master is pacified, and, after caressing it a little, he touches the animal's fore-legs. It stretches them out, and, in doing so, necessarily causes the hind-legs to project also. We now see the purpose of these movements. The muleteer wishes a seat, and an excellent one he finds upon the horse's protruded hind-legs. A variety of instances of docility similar to this are exhibited by the creature in succession, but its leaping feats appeared to us the most striking of all. Poles are brought into the ring, and the horse clears six of these, one after the other, with a distance of not more than four feet between! After it has done this, it goes up *limping* to its master, as if to say, "See! I can do no more to-night!" The muleteer lifts the lame foot, and seems to search for the cause of the halt, but in vain. Still, however, the horse goes on limping. The muleteer then looks it in the face, and shakes his head, as if he would say, "Alr! you are shamming, you rogue, ar'n't you?" And a sham it proves to be; for, at a touch of the whip, the creature bounds off like a fawn, sound both in wind and limb.

A pantomimic piece follows, in which Ducrow appears as a young Highlander, and shows his great powers of "voiceless" expression, or pantomimic acting; after which, a pair of horses, bridled together like dogs in the leash, are brought into the ring, for the exhibition of Mr Stickney's "academic poses," as they are termed in the bill. Mr Stickney, the "American Rider," enters, dressed as a Greek athlete, and springs on horseback. Urging his two steeds to their speed, he throws his form into wild and beautiful attitudes, that remind one of the sculptured representations of the ancient charioteers, on vases and marbles. The effect of these attitudes is greatly heightened, when a handsome child is brought in, whom the American Rider takes up beside him. While the horses are going at speed, the boy, held by a waist-belt, stands, like flying Cupid, upon Mr Stickney's shoulder, and in other positions, which make the pair together stretch, one would think, almost into the centre of the ring. Though postures form the whole exhibition here, this is one of the most pleasing portions of the evening's entertainments.

"The Terrace Girl of Madrid," "Jim Crow," and "The Chinese Brothers," are the names of pieces that follow in succession. The first of these consists in the dancing, pedestrian and equestrian, of a very little girl, whose skill and coolness on horseback are amazing for her years. "Jim Crow" is very laugh-

able. Two persons, to appearance, enter; namely, a fishwife, carrying a black man on her knees. This is, in reality, one man, with certain portions of male and female attire so artfully disposed about him, as to make the whole resemble two persons. This double being gets on horseback, and dances "Jim Crow" to the great amusement of the spectators, the majority of whom actually believe they see two persons before them. "The Chinese Brothers" are two performers dressed like nodding mandarins, who go through some astonishing leaps on horseback and off it. After all these comes a representation of the celebrated story of "Jack the Giant-Killer," in which a giant and giantess play distinguished parts. The stupendous size of the giants' head and mouth may be conceived from the fact, that the giant pushes two *living children* over her throat, by way of being a mouthful to her, with the greatest ease. Young, middle-aged, and old—all must laugh at such enormities as these.

A miniature representation of Newmarket race-course closes the entertainment. A race-course is roped in, some five or six feet wide, and along this half a dozen races are run by as many little ponies, ridden by as many little riders—boys, to wit, dressed in coloured caps and jackets, and top-boots. At the ringing of a bell, each race is begun, and the whipping, pushing, and spurring, is as like the same work on a great scale, as can be imagined; while the fool, in the centre of the ring, with various of his companions, all dressed in most outrageous jockey fashion, are betting and gambling like the keenest of turf-hunters. The last race, to the delight of all, is gained by the very smallest of the ponies, with an *image* of a boy on its back!

Mr Merryman's witticisms, and many other good things, have necessarily been lost in this account of the performances of the arena. We shall, however, be content if we have extracted from these matters any amusement for those who are far away from the scene personally, and cannot therefore gather it for themselves.

LOGAN'S NOTES OF A JOURNEY IN CANADA.*

MR LOGAN left Britain in June 1836, and in the course of the ensuing thirteen months, travelled through Canada, sailed down the Illinois and up the Ohio, passed along the States' frontier by New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Milledgeville, to New Orleans, and then visited Santiago and Jamaica, whence he proceeded directly homeward. The "Notes" of this journey, which he has thought fit to publish, are written in an easy and unaffected manner, and contain so much information respecting distances, modes of conveyance, and expenses, that they would form an useful companion to any other individual inclined to go over the same tract. The impression made upon Mr Logan's mind by the most of what he saw and experienced in his journey, appears to have been disagreeable, chiefly from the unmannerliness of the people who are met in conveyances and hotels, and even from those who conduct them; and he here and there presents very dark pictures of the moral condition of the newly settled countries. Is this really to be wondered at, if we consider what sort of being man is in any part of our own country where he has to struggle against rigorous natural circumstances, and exert his selfish powers to the utmost in order to gain a livelihood? To look for the amenities of an old civilised state amidst a nation of rough labourers and keen traffickers, newly met together on ground from which the wild beast and Indian have scarcely as yet been expelled, is not much more rational than it would be for a Cockney to call for a hackney coach in a Welsh village, or excrete our own Highland scenery, because, when planted amidst it, he could not obtain all the delicacies of a London dining-table. America contains as yet only the rudiments of great nations.

It is somewhat odd, that, in a book which gives upon the whole an unpleasant view of the state of matters in America, the first passage we had marked for quotation contains a reflection upon Great Britain. Mr Logan at Quebec encounters a military party, who have in charge a number of convicts from Upper Canada, on their way to the hulks in England. "This," he says, "is certainly an absurd arrangement. Why do they not employ all the criminals in the colonies in improvements there, instead of taking them home or to Botany Bay, at an enormous cost? Would it not be better to employ them in making and repairing the roads, or in some other way useful to the internal policy of the colony, than transport them at great expense, and to their own deterioration? The inexperienced are brought into contact with the hardened in crime, whose advice they cannot but follow, and they are thus landed in Britain more depraved than they were before. After breakfast," he continues, "I went on board the brig, where I waited two hours, expecting

the custom-house officer; but he not coming, and the captain being absent, I went ashore and requested them to let me have my luggage, on which an officer went along with me, and passed it without asking any fees. The practice of feeing these officers is truly disgraceful to the government of Great Britain. Although we are held up by the rest of Europe as comparatively free from corruption, yet the moment a foreigner reaches our shores, the first thing he encounters is bribery. The officers who examine his luggage give him to understand that it is customary to pay them; and for what? Merely that he may have an opportunity of smuggling any thing he has brought over with him. This practice is so notorious, that the government cannot but know of its existence."

Twelve miles from Dundas (Upper Canada), on the road to Guelph, Mr Logan spent some time with his brother, who is settled there as a farmer. "He [the brother]," we are informed, "drives to market to Dundas, generally in the winter, when the snow is firm enough to bear the oxen and sleigh. They travel about two miles an hour, thus taking six hours on the way; and though he keeps two bondsmen, he generally drives to market himself, as he cannot trust his men. But when there is no snow, their progress is much slower, as the road is very bad and swampy. Logs are laid across the worst places, which are therefor said to be *corduroyed*, and they are so full of ruts, that in this state the oxen take a whole day to go, and seldom get home until late next day. Sometimes the waggon or sleigh breaks down, and unless the driver knows something of joiner work, he may have to go home for another. This will occupy the whole day with oxen, and of course the articles in the waggon are exposed until he returns. Then after getting another waggon, and taking home the load, he has to go back with a joiner for the one that has broken down. Every young man settling in the country should have a practical knowledge of smith and carpenter work, which he would find of the greatest benefit. My brother has to send six miles to a smith, and four to a carpenter, which is a very heavy expense to him. The greatest dandies who go out to Canada to buy land, are seen in the course of a year driving their own waggons, and wielding an axe. They see all around them at work, and shame compels them to lend a hand. After a little practice, they find labour so advantageous to their health and prosperity, that they are in little danger of relapsing into idleness."

Mr Logan recommends fathers in the old country who are at a loss what to do with their sons, and have a little money, to send them out to Canada, where five hundred pounds, but not less, enables them to begin the world in a tolerable way. Yet, without industry and perseverance, persons who settle under these favourable circumstances will not succeed. "Many young men," says our author, "who go out to Canada with five or six hundred pounds, buy land with the half, shortly after spend the other half on horses and dogs, or at the tavern, and then *clear out*, that is—after getting into debt, and cheating every one, run over to the United States. Others, who do not frequent taverns, yet live in the same style as that to which they were accustomed at home, hire men to chop, and before a sufficient number of acres is cleared to pay the expense of their labourers, run short of money, when, being themselves unable to work, they get into debt, and clear out. Canada is adapted only for the industrious and persevering, who are sure to succeed in the end, after a severe trial of some years."

Near Guelph, the following characteristic interview takes place—"Another gentleman came up, whom I had often seen in Edinburgh, and who recognising me, although we had not been acquainted, accosted me. He had travelled over Europe several years ago, and had at last come to Goderich, and bought land in the township of Colburn. When I met him, he had an ox's chain carrying round his body, and a piece of beef in his hand, which rendered his appearance very different from that formerly presented by him in the character of an Edinburgh dandy. He requested me to inform his friends that I had seen him in chains, and pressed me to come and see his house; but as I expected the steamer, I could not accept his invitation."

At Sault St Marie, between Lake Huron and Lake Superior, Mr Logan heard of a singular adventurer who had recently been there. He called himself General Dickson, and had passed through the village with fourteen or fifteen men, on his way to California, which he designed to conquer. "Major Cobb, with whom he had frequently dined, gave me an account of his plan, which was to engage some of the most warlike tribes of the Indians. He assured the major that he had been corresponding with some of their leaders, who only waited his arrival to bring to his aid from two to three thousand men, who would drive out the Spaniards, and, taking possession of the country, constitute it a free state with an elective government and presidency. He himself was to be chief in the first instance, and he intended to banish every white man from the state. But he was sadly deficient in the mainspring of war, being without money, and having left the Sault in debt. He had recently come from Fredericksburg, in Virginia, where he had charge of a gold mine which had not succeeded. He had been in Mexico many years ago, and when travelling there had been attacked by a party of Mexicans, who, after he and his companions had shot three or four of them, overpowered him, massacred his friend, and left him

* Notes of a Journey through Canada, the United States, and West Indies. By James Logan, Esq. Advocate. Edinburgh, Fraser and Co. 1838.

self for dead. Recovering his senses, however, he managed to reach a hut, where he recovered of his wounds. The Mexican government gave themselves no concern about the matter, and he bore them no good will. He had the marks of nineteen wounds on his body, which he had shown to two or three of his friends at the *Sault*, where he staid nearly a fortnight, and carried with him a complete suit of mail, in which he was fond of exhibiting himself. The party left the place in two canoes." Such a man and such a purpose remind us of the days of the Saxon and Danish invasions.

The following story of an Indian's encounter with a bear is equally characteristic in its way:—"In the neighbourhood of the Red River, the grisly bears are very numerous. The chief of a tribe of Indians was returning home from a general council, and had lingered behind his men. When not very far from his hut, he met a bear and two cubs, and knowing the ferocious nature of the animals, was considerably alarmed. They were so close, however, that he could not escape; and having no alternative, he attacked them, thinking that if he should be so fortunate as to shoot the mother, he might succeed in killing the cubs with the butt-end of his gun. He therefore took aim, but the gun misfired, although he had put in a new flint that morning; and before he could cock again, the bear rushed upon him, and struck him such a blow with one of her paws as to throw him to a distance of several yards. She then ran up, and seizing his head in her mouth, stood still. He had the presence of mind to grasp her throat, and with a sudden wrench rescued his head from her jaws; but while he was striving to choke her, one of the cubs struck down his arm, when fortunately he remembered that he had stuck a knife into his girdle behind. This he drew with the quickness of thought; but while in the act of striking the bear with it, the same cub caught his hand in its mouth, and held it fast. He seized the knife, however, with his left hand, and wounded the old bear in several places, until becoming exasperated, she struck him down senseless. When he recovered from his swoon, he found himself alone, with his bowels partly protruding, and both his temples lacerated. He bound in his intestines with his belt, and after staying the bleeding of his many wounds, raised himself with difficulty, cocked his gun, and began to move slowly away. But he had not proceeded ten steps, when the bears, which had been watching him all the time, sprung upon him. His gun snapped once more, and he was entirely at their mercy. The mother knocked him down with her paw, and seizing him, dragged him along, when, from loss of blood and the concussion of the last blow, he fainted. On regaining his sensibility, he bound up his wounds, and believing himself injured beyond recovery, became inspired by revenge, and resolved to die in the attempt to destroy some of his savage foes. With great difficulty he got on his feet, cleaned the flint of his gun, drew his knife, and looking around, stood resolved to conquer or perish. The bears rushed upon him. Unable to take aim, he dropped on one knee, and supported his gun on the other, when the old bear seizing the muzzle in her mouth, he drew the trigger, and shot her dead. The cubs, however, remained, and they were scarcely less dangerous, as very little strength now remained in him. However, he succeeded, after inflicting several wounds, in driving them off, and sank down, despairing of ever rising again. But having lain for some time, he found himself slightly refreshed, and succeeded in crawling to his hut, where he related what had befallen him, and bidding farewell to his family, laid himself down to die. His friends went out in search of the bears, and found the mother dead, and the grass all round clotted with blood. The cubs were traced, and having been severely wounded, were easily destroyed. The mangled Indian having enjoyed a sound sleep for several hours, awoke greatly refreshed, and having been persuaded to allow his wounds to be bound, ultimately recovered. So improbable did this story appear to the gentleman who related it to me, that he would not believe it until the Indian showed him the marks of the wounds which he had received, and until it was confirmed by his neighbours. Another gentleman told me that he also had seen the Indian, and examined the marks of the bear's teeth on his head."

The following morceau of republican simplicity is delightful:—"The Earl of Selkirk had been staying a few days at Fredericksburg shortly before my arrival, and I was told the magistrates had invited his lordship to dinner, which he accepted. Before the hour of dinner, there was a discussion amongst them how they were to address the earl, when it was resolved that they should style him Mr Selkirk; and, accordingly, he was so addressed during his residence in Fredericksburg."

Mr Logan describes the administration of justice in some of the states as being in the worst possible condition. "In Connecticut (says he), one of the New England States boasted of as the most moral and incorrupt in the Union, a boy, whose parents resided in one of the Southern States, was sent to an academy to try to get him reformed, as he had exhibited such vicious propensities that they were glad to get rid of him. In passing the door one morning, he observed an elderly man sitting on the steps, and accosted him in a rude manner, desiring him to get up and go about his business. The man pleaded, that, having walked a great distance that morning, he was much fatigued,

and begged to be allowed to rest for a little. The boy told him that if he did not go away immediately, he would make him. The poor man argued with him a little, entreating him to let him rest, but in vain, for the lad insisted on his removing, and threatened to stab him if he did not. The man, however, kept his seat, on which the boy, deliberately taking his knife from his pocket, opened it, and stabbed him to the heart. The perpetrator of this savage act was taken up, tried, and sentenced to six months' confinement in the penitentiary! He had a packed jury of friends." This is doubtless very bad; but what will Mr Logan say, when we inform him that only a year or two ago in Scotland, one boy stabbed another, and, as far as we have heard, there was no trial of the delinquent at all. Or, is Mr Logan forgetful of the disgraceful fact, that no respectable female can walk out after nightfall in any of our large towns, without the risk of being assaulted by persons affecting to call themselves gentlemen, and who frequently belong to the orders of the nobility? And, does he not know that the judicial executive is next thing to powerless or careless in punishing these said gentlemen—the only penalty usually incurred for the grossest outrages being a fine of a few pounds, which is paid with as much indifference as that with which any ordinary person will toss a penny to a common beggar. There are many other bad points in our social condition—that of brutal rioting and mobbing, for instance, and oppression and personal abuse in consequence of difference of opinion—which should restrain an Englishman from deriding the lax system of things in America or any other part of the world.

THE FRENCHMAN IN LONDON.*

THERE is an inborn and inbred distrust of "foreigners" in England—continental foreigners, I should say—which keeps the current of French and Italian society as distinct amid the sea of London, as the blue Rhone in Lake Lemman. The word "foreigner," in England, conveys exclusively the idea of a dark-complexioned and whiskered individual, in a froged coat and distressed circumstances; and to introduce a smooth-cheeked, plainly dressed, quiet-looking person by that name, would strike any circle of ladies and gentlemen as a palpable misnomer. There is nevertheless a rage for foreign lions in London society, and while a well-introduced foreigner keeps his cabriolet, and confines himself to frequenting soirées and accepting invitations to dine, he will never suspect that he is not on an equal footing with any milor in London. If he wishes to be disenchanted, he has only to change his lodgings from Long's to Great Russell Street, or (bitterer and readier trial) to propose marriage to the Honourable Augusta or Lady Fanny.

Every body who knows the society of Paris, knows something of a handsome and very elegant young baron of the Faubourg St Germain, who, with small fortune, very great taste, and greater credit, contrived to go on very swimmingly as an adorable *roué* and idler of fashion till he was hard upon twenty-five. At the first crisis in his affairs, the ladies, who hold all the politics in their laps, got him appointed consul to Algiers, or minister to Venezuela, and with this pretty pretext for selling his horses and dressing-gowns, these cherished articles brought twice their original value, and set him up in furs and monkeys at his place of exile. A year of this was enough for the darling of Paris; and not more than a day before his desolate loves would have ceased to mourn for him, he galloped into his hotel with a new fashion of whiskers, a black female slave, and the most delicious histories of his adventures during the ages he had been exiled. Down to the earth and their previous obscurity, dropped the rivals who were just beginning to usurp his glories. A new stud, an indescribable vehicle, a suite of rooms in the Algerine style, and a mystery, preserved at some expense, about his negroes, kept all Paris, including his new creditors, in admiring astonishment for a year. Among the crowd of his worshippers, not the least or least fervent were the fair-haired English beauties who assemble at the *levées* of their ambassador in the Rue St Honoré, and upon whom *le beau Adolphe* had looked as pretty savages, whose frightful toilettes and horrid accent might be tolerated one evening in the week.

Eclipses will arrive as calculated by insignificant astronomers, however, and debts will become due as presumed by vulgar tradesmen. *Le beau Adolphe* began to see another crisis, and betook himself to his old advisers, who were inconsolable to the last degree; but there was a new government, and the blood of the Faubourg was at a discount. No embassies were to be had for nothing. With a deep sigh, and a gentle tone, to spare his feelings as much as possible, his friend ventures to suggest to him that it will be necessary to sacrifice himself. "Marry one of these *belles Anglaises*, who drink you up with their great blue eyes, and are made of gold!"

Adolphe buried his face in his gold-fringed oriental pocket handkerchief; but when the first agony was past, his resolution was taken, and he determined to go to England. The first beautiful creature he should see, whose funds were enormous and well invested, should bear away from all the love, rank, and poverty of France, the perfumed hand he looked upon!

A flourishing letter, written in a small, cramped

hand, but with a seal on whose breadth of wax and blazon all the united heraldry of France was interwoven, arrived through the ambassador's dispatch box, to the address of Miladi —, Belgrave Square, announcing, in full, that *le beau Adolphe* was coming to London to marry the richest heiress in good society; and as Paris could not spare him more than a week, he wished those who had daughters to marry, answering the description, to be acquainted with his visit and errand. With the letter came a compend of his genealogy, from the man who spoke French in the confusion of Babel to Baron *Adolphe* himself.

To London came the valet of *le beau Baron*, two days before his master, bringing his slippers and dressing-gown to be aired after their sea-voyage across the Channel. To London followed the irresistible youth, cursing, in the politest French, the necessity which subtracted a week from a life measured with such "diamond sparks" as his own in Paris. He sat himself down in his hotel, sent his man Porphyre with his card to every noble and rich house, whose barbarian tenants he had ever seen in the Champs Elysées, and waited the result. Invitations from fair ladies, who remembered him as the man the French belles were mad about, and from literary ladies, who wanted his whiskers and black eyes to give their soirées the necessary foreign complexion, flowed in on all sides, and Monsieur *Adolphe* selected his most minion cane and his happiest design in a stocking, and "rendered himself" through the rain like a martyr.

No offers of marriage the first evening! None the second!! None the third!!!

Le beau Adolphe began to think either that English papas did not propose their daughters to people as in France, or, perhaps, that the lady whom he had commissioned to circulate his wishes, had not sufficiently advertised him. She had, however. He took advice, and found it would be necessary to take the first step himself. This was disagreeable.

He went to Almack's, and proposed to the first authenticated fortune that accepted his hand for a waltz. The young lady first laughed, and then told her mother, who told her son, who thought it an insult, and called out *le beau Adolphe*, very much to the astonishment of himself and his man Porphyre. The thing was explained, and the Baron looked about the next day for one of better taste. Found a young lady with half a million sterling, proposed in a morning call, and was obliged to ring for assistance, his intended having gone into convulsions with laughing at him. The story by this time had got pretty well distributed through the different strata of London society, and when *le beau Adolphe*, convinced that he would not succeed with the noble heiresses of Belgrave Square, condescended, in his extremity, to send his heart by his valet to a rich little vulgarian, who never had a grandfather, and lived in Harley Street, he narrowly escaped being prosecuted for a nuisance. Paris being now in the possession of the enemy, he was obliged to bury his sorrows in Belgium. After a short exile his friends procured him a vice-consulate in some port in the North Sea, and there probably at this moment he sorrowfully vegetates.

This is not a story founded upon fact, but literally true. Many of the circumstances came under my own observation, and the whole thus affords a laughable example of the esteem in which what an English fox-hunter would call a "trashy Frenchman," is held in England, as well as of the ludicrous consequences that follow the attempt to transplant the usages of one country to another.

SIXTH VOLUME OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THIS volume, published at the close of the past year, embraces Scott's life between January 1825 and December 1826, a short space of time, but sufficient to show him at the height of prosperity and the depth of adversity. It opens with the marriage of his son to Miss Jobson, a wealthy heiress, and then proceeds to detail the project of Constable's Miscellany, for which Scott begins to write a *Life of Napoleon*. Sir Walter's visit to Ireland in August 1825 is the only other affair of note before the break of misfortune's cloud over his head at the end of the year. Before this event, he has begun to keep a diary, not only of incidents, but of thoughts, upon which Mr Lockhart draws copiously throughout the remainder of the volume. This is a novel and interesting feature of the work, and will help to sustain the public interest in what, we fear, is already a tale too long drawn out. It lays open the very inmost being of Scott at a period of peculiar interest in his life, his insolvency, and is certainly altogether one of the most remarkable examples of self-revelation which has ever taken a printed shape. Besides the powerful good sense, and endless play of fancy and humour, which have already been known to characterise him, it betrays some passionate sensibilities, and also some traits of a certain fiery wilfulness, which, in life, he appears to have effectually concealed, even from those nearest to him. The Malagrowth letters on the Currency question—the death

* We quote this from the New York Mirror, for October 22, 1836, to which it was contributed by N. P. Willis, author of "Fancies by the Way."

of Lady Scott—and Sir Walter's visit to Paris, in October 1826—are the chief other matters of the volume.

The light thrown on Scott's pecuniary involvements is not merely a curious piece of literary history, but a rich illustration of human nature. In a letter written by the great novelist to Mr Terry, in May 1825, respecting some pecuniary assistance which the actor had requested for a theatre he was about to undertake the management of, we find a surprising display of minute knowledge of theatrical business, and of sound views of mercantile affairs in general. He is a perfect sage on the subject of carrying on business by unreal bills. Yet, in a few little months, he was himself overwhelmed in ruin by that very practice. He was the most accurate of men in reference to small matters of expenditure. Mr Lockhart says he believes he could produce the sum total of sixpences that it cost him to ride through turnpike gates during a period of thirty years. Yet he was connected with a trading copartnery, which involved his credit for scores of thousands, without his ever thinking it necessary to inquire for a balance-sheet. Of one of the mercantile individuals to whom he thus entrusted his fortune, it is related by Mr Lockhart, that, in the wanton recklessness with which he carried on the discounting system, he would be heard from his back-room calling to his clerk, "Jock, you lubber, bring ben a sheaf o' stamps." Of another, the most estimable in other respects, it is related that he contented himself, during the whole of his career as a printer, with a *rule of thumb* calculation, that, for every £50 paid out as wages, he had as much gross profit, never once reflecting on the tear and wear of materials, or looking into the actual state of his affairs. The result of what Mr Lockhart here relates, is, that Scott, a really productive labourer, had associated himself with two or three mercantile men remarkable for the want of all the mercantile virtues, who deprived him of all he had gained by his works previous to 1826, except what he had spent on his own living. The following seems to have been the incident which completed the silent ruin of several years:—"Owing," says the biographer, "to the original habitual irregularities of John Ballantyne, it had been adopted as the regular plan between that person and Constable, that, whenever the latter signed a bill for the purpose of the other's raising money among the bankers, there should, in case of his neglecting to take that bill up before it fell due, be deposited a counter-bill, signed by Ballantyne, on which Constable might, if need were, raise a sum equivalent to that for which he had pledged his credit. I am told that this is an usual enough course of procedure among speculative merchants; and it may be so. But mark the issue. The plan went on under James's management, just as John had begun it. Under his management also, such was the incredible looseness of it, the *counter-bills*, meant only for being sent into the market in the event of the *primary bills* being threatened with dishonour—these instruments of safeguard for Constable against contingent danger—were allowed to lie uninquied about in Constable's desk, until they had swelled to a truly monstrous 'sheaf of stamps.' Constable's hour of distress darkened about him, and he rushed with these to the money-changers. They were nearly all flung into circulation in the course of this maddening period of panic. And by this one circumstance it came to pass, that, supposing Ballantyne and Co. to have, at the day of reckoning, obligations against them, in consequence of bill transactions with Constable, to the extent of £25,000, they were legally responsible for £50,000." The sum for which Scott finally stood bankrupt was £117,000.

Under Dec. 18 (1825), in the dread of impending ruin, he is found entering in his diary the following striking reflections on himself:—"If things go badly in London, the magic wand of the Unknown will be shivered in his grasp. He must then, faith, be termed the Too-well-known. The feast of fancy will be over with the feeling of independence. He shall no longer have the delight of waking in the morning with bright ideas in his mind, hasten to commit them to paper, and count them monthly, as the means of planting such scurs, and purchasing such wastes; replacing dreams of fiction by other prospective visions of walks by

Fountain heads, and pathless groves;
Places which pale passion loves.

This cannot be; but I may work substantial husbandry, that is, write history, and such concerns. They will not be received with the same enthusiasm; at least I much doubt, the general knowledge that an author must write for his bread, at least for improving his pittance, degrades him and his productions in the public eye. He falls into the second-rate rank of estimation:

While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his side goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

It is a bitter thought; but if tears start at it, let them flow. My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me.

What a life mine has been!—half educated, almost wholly neglected, or left to myself; stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued by most of my companions for a time; getting forward, and

held a bold and clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer; broken-hearted for two years; my heart handsomely pined again; but the crack will remain till my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times: once on the verge of ruin, yet opened a new source of wealth almost overflowing. Now to be broken in my pitch of pride, and nearly winged (unless good news should come), because London chooses to be in an uproar, and in the tumult of bulls and bears, a poor inoffensive lion like myself is pushed to the wall. But what is to be the end of it? God knows; and so ends the catechism.

Nobody in the end can lose a penny by me—that is one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man, where I was once the wealthy—the honoured? I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dog's feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me every where. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things may be. An odd thought strikes me—When I die, will the journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read with wonder, that the well-seeming baronet should ever have experienced the risk of such a hitch? Or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of chivalry had hung up his scutcheon, and where one or two old friends will look grave, and whisper to each other, 'Poor gentleman!—a well-meaning man!—nobody's enemy but his own!—thought his parts would never wear out!—family poorly left!—pity he took that foolish title.' Who can answer this question?"

His fortitude, after all, when the worst came to the worst, was wonderful. He was then writing *Woodstock* and the *Life of Napoleon*, by turns, one as a relaxation from the other. During the week of the insolvency, which occurred on the 17th of January, though much occupied with business meetings, to lay gloomy thoughts out of consideration, he wrote a *chapter of the novel every day*. Between 19th January and the 2d February, inclusive, he wrote a volume! The world is already well aware of the noble resolution he formed and executed, to wipe off his debts by this kind of hard work.

In his diary he testifies strongly to the generous way in which the world regarded his misfortunes. Monied men, whom he had previously supposed to be bound up in love of their gold, made him offers of aid which he would not accept. All classes of persons, from the king himself to the poor labourers of Darnick, bewailed his misfortunes. All his personal friends called or wrote to express their sympathy. This was not an unmixed pleasure. He disliked fuss about himself, of every kind. And some of the proposals made to relieve him of his embarrassments, were of a nature far from respectful, or delicate. For example, within a few months after Lady Scott's death, he had several overtures made to him, to bring about a new alliance with certain wealthy ladies, whose fortunes were sufficient to wipe off all other obligations.

The remainder of this paper may be filled with a few jottings from the diary, the predominating style of which is an almost Byronian frankness of remark on all sorts of subjects, his own feelings and actions included. Under March 27, at Abbotsford, we have the following:—"I answered two modest requests from widow ladies. One, whom I had already assisted in some law business, on the footing of her having visited my mother, requested me to write to Mr Peel, saying, on her authority, that her second son, a youth of infinite merit and accomplishment, was fit for any situation in a public office, and that I requested he might be provided accordingly. Another widowed dame, whose claim is having read *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, besides a promise to read all my other works—I fear it is a rash engagement!—demands that I shall either pay £1200 to get her cub into some place or other, or settle him in a seminary of education. Really this is very much after the fashion of the husbandman of Miguel Turra's request of Sancho when governor. 'Have you any thing else to ask, honest man?' quoth Sancho. But what are the demands of an honest man to those of an honest woman, and she a widow to boot? I do believe your destitute widow, especially if she hath a charge of children, and one or two fit for patronage, is one of the most impudent animals living."

The entire entry of April 8 is what follows:—"We expect a *raid* of folks to visit us this morning, whom we must have *dined* before our misfortunes. Save time, wine, and money, these misfortunes—and so far are convenient things. Besides, there is a dignity

about them when they come only like the gout in its mildest shape, to authorise diet and retirement, the night-gown and the velvet shoe; when the one comes to chalk-stones, and you go to prison through the other, it is the devil. Or compare the effects of *Sieur Gout* and absolute poverty upon the stomach—the necessity of a bottle of laudanum in the one case, the want of a morsel of meat in the other. Laidlaw's infant, which died on Wednesday, is buried to-day. The people coming to visit prevent my going, and I am glad of it. I hate funerals—always did. There is such a mixture of mummery with real grief—the actual mourner perhaps heart-broken, and all the rest making solemn faces, and whispering observations on the weather and public news, and here and there a greedy fellow enjoying the cake and wine. To me it is a farce of most tragical mirth, and I am not sorry (like Provost Coulter), but glad, that I shall not see my own. This is a most unfilial tendency of mine, for my father absolutely loved a funeral; and as he was a man of a fine presence, and looked the mourner well, he was asked to every interment of distinction. He seemed to preserve the list of a whole bead-roll of cousins, merely for the pleasure of being at their funerals, which he was often asked to superintend, and I suspect had sometimes to pay for. He carried me with him as often as he could to these mortuary ceremonies; but feeling I was not, like him, either useful or ornamental, I escaped as often as I could. I saw the poor child's funeral from a distance. Ah, that *Distance*! What a magician for conjuring up scenes of joy or sorrow, smoothing all asperities, reconciling all incongruities, veiling all absurdities, softening every coarseness, doubling every effect by the influence of the imagination. A Scottish wedding should be seen at a distance—the gay band of dancers just distinguished amid the elderly group of the spectators—the glass held high, and the distant cheers as it is swallowed, should be only a sketch, not a finished Dutch picture, when it becomes brutal and boorish. Scotch psalmody, too, should be heard from a distance. The grunt and the snivel, and the whine and the scream, should all be blended in that deep and distant sound, which, rising and falling like the Eolian harp, may have some title to be called the praise of one's Maker. Even so the distant funeral—the few mourners on horseback, with their plaids wrapped around them—the father heading the procession as they enter the river, and pointing out the ford by which his darling is to be carried on the last long road—none of the subordinate figures in discord with the general tone of the incident—but seeming just accessories, and no more—this is affecting."

Lady Scott died at Abbotsford, May 15, while Sir Walter was in Edinburgh in attendance upon the court. Next day we have the following entry in the diary:—"I arrived here late last night. Anne is worn out, and has had hysterics, which returned on my arrival. Her broken accents were like those of a child, the language as well as the tones broken, but in the most gentle voice of submission. 'Poor mamma—never return again—gone for ever—a better place.' Then, when she came to herself, she spoke with sense, freedom, and strength of mind, till her weakness returned. It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger—what was it then to the father and the husband? For myself, I scarce know how I feel, sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is, with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections.

I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not, my Charlotte—my thirty years' companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic—but that yellow masque, with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression? I will not look on it again. Anne thinks her little changed, because the latest idea she had formed of her mother is as she appeared under circumstances of extreme pain. Mine go back to a period of comparative ease. If I write long in this way, I shall write down my resolution, which I should rather write up, if I could. I wonder how I shall do with the large portion of the rights which were hers for thirty years. I suspect they will be hers yet for a long time at least. But I will not blaze cambric and crape in the public eye, like a disconsolate widower, that most affected of all characters."

SUICIDAL SALMON.

It is said that one of the wonders which the Frasers of Lovat, who are lords of the manor, used to show their guests, was a voluntarily cooked salmon at the falls of Kilmora. For this purpose a kettle was placed on the flat rock on the south side of the fall, close by the edge of the water, and kept full and boiling. There is a considerable extent of the rock where tents were erected, and the whole was under a canopy of overshadowing trees. There the company are said to have waited until a salmon fell into the kettle, and was boiled in their presence.—*Farrell's British Fishes.*

MR KING'S FINE SAND FOR GLASS-MAKING.

Some very curious experiments have been lately made on a new species of sand brought from Australia for the manufacture of the finer kinds of flint-glass. Of all the results of a manufacture, glass is the most extraordinary, the most beautiful, and the most difficult to urge beyond a certain point. There is none in which science of the highest kind is so strongly interested, and therefore none which ought to be more patronised by the government of the greatest scientific and mechanical and manufacturing people in the world. As to the sand in question, six years ago it was observed that in many places between Sydney and Botany Bay the surface of the ground was covered by a remarkably pure and white silicious sand, derived from the decomposition of one of the beds of sand belonging to the coal formation. Mr King of Sydney, the discoverer, being of opinion that this sand would be found peculiarly applicable to the business of glassmakers, forwarded eleven bags of the same to his agents in London. Some was put into the hands of Messrs Pellatt and Co. of the Falcon Glass-house, for trial. From their report the following is an extract:—"We find the sand from Sydney to be decidedly superior to any we have previously employed. The most esteemed property of this sand, and that which makes it of the greatest importance to glassmakers, is derived from the absence of oxide of iron, and every other combination that would affect the colour of glass. It is also free from insoluble matter. Glass made from this sand is more brilliant and watery than any other. We consider it fortunate, as the sand with which most glassmakers were supplied, is now of very bad quality, and has been given up by many." On application to Mr Pellatt, the following further particulars were obtained: he says that the recent arrival of a few hundred-weights of this superior siliceous sand had enabled him to make a second experiment, which turned out fully as well as the first. He is of opinion that the Sydney sand exceeds all others heretofore in use for whiteness, brilliancy, and fusibility; and he has little doubt, should the freight be moderate, that this comparatively pure material will be imported in large quantities for glassmakers' use in this country. He had mixed it with the usual proportions of carbonate of potash and nitro of potash, with a rather less proportion of manganese than other sands require. He hopes soon to be able to report on the Sydney sand as regards flint-glass-ware for optic plate. A few tons of the same kind were lately imported into Liverpool, and were eagerly purchased, so that a considerable improvement in the qualities of the finer kinds of glass may soon be expected.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Mr King, the gentleman mentioned above as the discoverer of the fine sand at Sydney, is a native of Scotland, and prior to his emigrating to New South Wales, was some time engaged in connection with a large crystal manufactory in Edinburgh. We know, from private information, that he made extraordinary exertions to bring the subject of the fine Sydney sand into notice, but received no encouragement, but rather the reverse, from the local government. It is gratifying now to find that his discovery is likely to prove advantageous both to the colony and to the British public, in spite of all the opposition which has been thrown in his way. We hope that this little notice will attract the attention of all persons engaged in the glass manufacture in the United Kingdom.

SERIO-COMIC INTIMIDATION.

A person residing in a certain parish having fallen under the ban of the kirk-session, was duly cited before the proper tribunal, and, after admission or proof, sentenced to stand a public rebuke. The offender was a soldier, and often as he had done parade-duty in a different arena, the idea of exhibiting himself before the assembled congregation was so appalling, that he secretly determined to get out of the scrape with the best grace possible. With this view he went early to church, dressed in regimentals, and carried his gun along with him, which, from the bye-paths he took and the hour of the morning, he managed to secrete without observation. In due time the worshippers assembled, and after the services of the day had been ended, the soldier was called on to stand up. This summons he instantly obeyed, and by way of suiting the action to the word, presented his musket at the head of the clergyman. An exhibition so novel and unexpected astonished and petrified every spectator; the minister himself looked unutterable things, and after pausing and changing colour, he timidly inquired, "What, sir, do you mean by that?" "Only," said the other coolly, "to show you I'm a disciplinarian as well as yourself." This was too much; most people thought the man mad; and as there is no saying what a madman will do, no one seemed willing to incur the responsibility of securing and disarming so desperate a character. In this feeling the minister sympathised, and after a little time covered down in the pulpit, so as to be out of the reach of a weapon, which, for aught he knew, might be charged with ball or deadly slug. The belligerent doggedly maintained his ground, and without relaxing a muscle, kept pointing at the pulpit as unerringly as the needle points to the pole. For the space of ten minutes or so, the congregation was paralysed; after which, the clergyman called out from the place where he had ensconced himself, "Is the fellow away yet?" "No!" said the preceptor, "he's still standing in the same bit, with the gun in his hand, ready to fire." "Then tell him from me to take himself off, and I'll forgive him this time"—an announcement which elicited a general titter, during which the recusant retired as proud, as he said himself, as "his ain cousin was when he captured the standard at Waterloo."—*Dumfries Courier.*

MAZARIN AND THE AMANUENSIS.

Cardinal Mazarin was dictating one day a letter to his secretary. The latter, overcome with incessant work, fell asleep, and the Cardinal continued dictating, while pacing up and down his study; when he had come to the conclusion, he turned towards his secretary, saying, "End as usual." He then perceived that the first lines of the letter only were written. The Cardinal was very partial to that secretary and treated him as a father. To awake

him, he gave him a box on the ear; the secretary, in a fury, returned the blow. The Cardinal, without showing the least emotion, said coolly, "Now, sir, as we are both wide awake, let us proceed with the letter."—*Old Scrap-Book.*

SLEEPING THROUGH A SPEECH.

The following anecdote will give some idea of Lord North's happiness of illusion and playfulness of mind:—He was often lulled into a profound sleep by the somniferous oratory of some of the parliamentary speakers. Sir Grey Cooper (one of the secretaries of the treasury) meanwhile took notes of the principal arguments of his opponents, which, by glancing his eye over the paper, Lord North was enabled immediately to answer. On a naval question a member thought proper to give an historical detail of the origin and progress of ship-building, which he deduced from Noah's Ark, and in regular order brought down to the Spanish Armada. Sir Grey inadvertently awoke his lordship at this period, who asked at what era the honourable gentleman had arrived? Being told, "at the reign of Queen Elizabeth," he instantly replied, "Dear Sir Grey, why did you not let me sleep a century or two more?"—*Old Scrap-Book.*

LINES ON THE LOSS OF A SHIP.

Her mighty sails the breezes swell,
And fast she leaves the lessening land,
And from the shore the last farewell
Is waved by many a snowy hand;
And weeping eyes are on the main,
Until its verge she wanders o'er;
But, from the hour of parting pain,
That bark was never heard of more!
In her was many a mother's joy,
And love of many a weeping fair;
For her was waited, in its sigh,
The lonely heart's unceasing prayer;
And, oh! the thousand hopes untold
Of ardent youth, that vessel bore;
Say, were they quenched in waters cold?
For she was never heard of more!
When on her wide and trackless path
Of desolation, doomed to flee,
Say, sank she 'midst the blending wrath
Of racking cloud and rolling sea?
Or, where the land but mocks the eye,
Went drifting on a fatal shore?
Vain guesses all—her destiny
Is dark—she ne'er was heard of more!
The moon hath twelve times changed her form,
From glowing orb to crescent wane;
'Mid skies of calm, and scowl of storm,
Since from her port that ship hath gone;
But ocean keeps its secret well,
And though we know that all is o'er,
No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell
Her fate—she ne'er was heard of more!
Oh! were her tale of sorrow known,
'Twere something to the broken heart,
The pangs of doubt would then be gone,
And fancy's endless dreams depart:
It may not be!—there is no ray
By which her doom we may explore;
We only know she sailed away,
And ne'er was seen nor heard of more!
—*Poems of John Malcolm.*

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

As the present number of Chambers's Journal forms the first of a new volume, it is perhaps expected, that, according to custom, we should say a few words respecting ourselves and our prospects. We have little to say, but that little is of a nature which will please those who wish well to our humble miscellany. During the past year, the circulation of the Journal, instead of abating, as might reasonably have been expected from the number of competitors, has undergone a gradual increase, and, inclusive of new editions of past numbers, now averages sixty-six thousand copies weekly.* We mention this as a simple statistical fact, without any boastfulness, or any desire to depreciate the labours of those who have followed us in the business of cheap publication. At the same time, we hope we may be pardoned for feeling a small degree of honest pride in having established a work, which, by the favour of the public, has met with such extensive appreciation, and which, from the general nature of its contents, can scarcely fail to do good to society. Our numerous readers may rest assured that the success which has attended our efforts to please, has no way lulled us into forgetfulness of our duties. At the present moment, we feel animated with the same anxiety to fill our pages with "healthful moral instruction and matter of innocent entertainment," that we felt six years ago. Our original proposal of furnishing a paper which should carefully avoid all points calculated to awake controversial feelings, and which, if possible, should alike amuse the fireside of the

* On looking over the volume just finished, and summing up its contents, we observe that it consists of 80 Familiar Sketches and Moral Essays—all of which are original; 300 Miscellaneous Articles of Instruction and Entertainment—of which 140 are original; 61 Stories or Tales—of which 40 are original; and 16 Biographies of Eminent Individuals—all of which are original; the whole making a total of 457 articles, of which 214 are original, the remainder being either selected or partially re-written; besides 60 pieces of Poetry, and 370 Anecdotes and Paragraphs.

peer and the cottager, has never for a moment been lost sight of. To the carefulness exercised in preserving this leading feature of our plan, we ascribe the first success of the work, and its continued popularity; and it may give confidence, perhaps satisfaction, to state, that nothing on our part shall wilfully occur to disturb an arrangement which the public has so effectually stamped with its approbation.

The encouragement we have received cheers us on to the business of another year. In order to vary and sustain the interest of our papers, we have latterly gained the assistance of a few accomplished writers, the style and tendency of whose articles harmonise with the general design of the publication. At no time, indeed, during the whole of our career, have we had so good a prospect of presenting lively original sketches, and articles of useful instruction, as the present. Our arrangements are also such, that we shall be able as hitherto to present occasionally select specimens of American literature, which, both from their rarity in Britain, and the peculiarity of their literary character, cannot fail to please a large section of readers.

The craving for reading which now every where exists, and which has doubtless been greatly promoted by the spread of sheets like the present, we have lately endeavoured to meet by commencing a series of cheap reprints of works of standard excellence, under the general title of "People's Editions." The nature of the undertaking will be best explained by the following prospectus:—

"It is proposed, under this title, to present a series of cheap reprints of works of standard excellence, with the design of facilitating the formation of libraries in the houses of the industrious orders of the community.

The mode of printing and publishing is what of course chiefly affects the success of such an object. In this series, a large octavo size, with double columns of brier type, has been assumed, as a fair medium between the economy of a form like that of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, and the portability and convenience of the pocket size in which cheap reprints are usually given. This form will not be inconvenient, and yet it will admit of a great quantity of matter being given on a comparatively small quantity of paper. It will also be economical in respect of binding, as it admits of a considerable number of books being bound up in one volume, so that the expense bestowed upon each will be a mere trifle.

The volumes will appear in no particular order, but they may be ultimately arranged according to taste.

In the selection of works for reprinting, regard will be had to the great business of instructing and refining the people. Works of amusement, in the various departments of the Belles Lettres, will be mingled with works of a grave and didactic nature, with the view of supplying, in the homes of our peasantry, artisans, and tradesmen, means of relaxation and enjoyment superior to what now exist. If the aim of the Publishers be accomplished, the poorest working man in the country will be enabled, from the earnings of a week, to spare as much as will purchase, for his permanent possession and enjoyment, one of the deathless productions of those Intellectual Great who are his brethren in race, and whose names are sparks of Immortality.

It is an important feature of the present series, that, where necessary, an editorial care will be exerted, so that the editions will be in many cases much superior to those which have hitherto appeared. Of those now published (*Marmion*, the *Cottagers of Glenburnie*, and *Paley's Natural Theology*), the last furnishes an example of such improvement; and the Publishers hope that it will be regarded as a pledge of their anxiety on this point."

We have much pleasure in adverting, on the present occasion, to the continued success of the series of Educational books commenced two years ago. Those published during the first year have experienced a large sale during the second, and those published during the second appear to have been received with the same approbation. The public may therefore rest assured that no time will be lost in bringing this work to a conclusion, when, if the designs of its Editors be realised, it will present the code and materials of a complete system of education, according to the advanced views of the age.

LONDON: Published, with permission of the proprietors, by W. S. Oats, Paternoster Row; and sold by all booksellers and news-men.—Printed by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.